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basis of religion, morality, and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxim of his government, the rule handed down to us from Heaven, "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, and good will to men."

Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight; they did not hear, or if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice which called out to them from the wilderness,

Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never-fading lustre upon our history. No other state in this union can boast of such an illustrious founder; none began their social career under auspices so honorable to humanity. Every trait of the life of that great man, every fact and anecdote of those golden times, will be sought for by our descendants with avidity, and will furnish many an interesting subject for the fancy of the novelist, and the enthusiasm of the poet.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

We propose to fill this department of the Advocate with the correspondence of the friends of peace on both sides of the Atlantic. The interchange of friendly communications is one of the strongest elements of peace and amity between the two nations; and we hope that every vessel that arrives from, or leaves for, an English port, will bear to old and new made friends thousands of these messages of good will. Every letter received and answered, breathing this spirit, is worth more for the security of each country against war, than a "regiment of horse," as Corporal Trim would say. It is a blessed thing for the world that the Anglo-Saxon race, however scattered over the earth, speak now and will speak forever one language. This circumstance in itself devolves upon them the duty to lead the way in fraternizing the whole family of man. That the niggard idea of "natural enmity" might be perpetuated between the French and English, is nothing surprising, when not one in a hundred of them can either read or write each other's language. But the thought of war between Englishmen and Americans, is at war itself with all the social affinities that nature can create between two countries. So much importance to the well-being of the two nations do we attach to this friendly correspondence, that scarcely any item of news, connected with the arrival or departure of the ocean steamers, interests us more than the number of letters carried out or brought back. For whether they appertain to mercenary commerce, or the "foreign exchanges" of humanity and christian friendship, they are not only hostages, but emissaries for peace and good will. Let there be proclaimed *free trade* and friendship's rights in this matter of international correspondence, until we shall have a daily arrival from, and departure for, Old England, of a mail-packet, freighted with fifty thousand letters, filling the British Realm with American mind.

We have been constrained, with some reluctance, to give in this department communications somewhat personal to ourself. Nothing but our interest in the cause of peace could induce us to do this thing. We have thought that this cause might be advanced in this country by a free correspondence with its friends abroad. Consequently we send about half a dozen letters by every steamer to friends of peace in England. The communications we receive in reply contain much that is interesting to the cause here; but as they

are addressed personally to ourself, they abound in personal allusions which we cannot entirely suppress; although we scarcely ever publish a letter entire, but extract the least personal part. The printed "Letter of Juniper Hedgehog," written by Punch himself, *alias*, Douglass Jerrold, was first published in his Shilling Magazine. It so completely answers the "Bible argument" for territorial aggrandizement and conquest by Christian swords, that we comply with the urgent request of some of the friends of peace in both countries, and publish it both in the Advocate and in the Bond of Brotherhood.

From "Douglass Jerrold's Shilling Magazine, April 1846."

LETTER FROM JUNIPER HEDGEHOG,

TO ELIHU BURRITT, BLACKSMITH, OF WORCESTER, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

FRIEND BURRITT,—Whether it was one of your Manchester friends, or whether, indeed, it was nothing less than a dove from your own American woods that dropt one of your *Olive Leaves* in my cab,—I won't stop to consider. It's enough that I've read the *Leaf* again and again, and can't help thanking you for it. Can't help admiring how that you, "a poor man not worth a dollar in the world," as you say of yourself, should be scattering thousands and thousands of these healing *Leaves* about America—*Leaves* in their meaning and intention worth all the laurels that ever grew out of dead men's graves, made so foul and rank with dead men's blood.

Your *Leaf* fell into my hands just after I'd read Mr. Adams's speech in Congress, where he stands upon the Bible for his right to Oregon, and would cut throats according to his notion of Genesis! Foolish old gentleman! he can't have many years' mortal breath in him, and therefore it *is* sad to see him puffing and puffing to blow the embers of war into a blaze—to see him, as I may say, ramming down murderous bullets, and wadding muskets with leaves from the Bible! But there's a sort of religion that would sharpen the sword itself on the stone tables of Moses.

However, this is an old trick. There's a good many of these pious lovers of gunpowder who, somehow or the other, will insist upon turning up the regimental uniform with pages of the Bible and Testament. To make a man particularly the care of Heaven, they think it only necessary to dress him in red clothes, put a feather in his cap, ball-cartridges in his cartouche-box, and a musket in his hand. And these folks—they've been doing it in the House of Commons only a week or two ago—always give the glory of slaughter to "His ARM that gives all battles!" And so according to these people, the Army of Martyrs should be an army with forty-two pounders and a rocket brigade. Their Christianity is Christianity humbly firing upon one knee. Their incense for the altar is not myrrh and frankincense, but charcoal and saltpetre. Our Sir Robert Harry Inglis, for instance—who in the House of Commons speaks for pious Oxford—he was quite delighted that the Governor-General of India had put so much religion into the bulletin that published the slaughter of nine thousand Sikhs, as they call 'em. They were all killed—according to Sir Robert—not by the cold iron of the English infantry, but by a heavenly host; the bayonet, in truth, did not do the work; no, it was the fiery swords of the angels, and praises were sung to them accordingly.—

And this is the Christianity of the *Gazette*; though I can't find it in the New Testament.

And, poor Mr. Adams makes a very lame case out of Genesis: somehow or the other he reads his Bible upside down; for he declares—

“If our controversy respecting Oregon had been with any other than a Christian nation, *I could not quote from that book*; if we were in dispute with the Chinese about the territory it would be a different question. So it is a different question between us and the savages, who, *if anybody*, have now the rightful occupation of the country; *because they do not believe the BOOK.*”

And because Mr. Adams believes “The Book” and the Red Man does not, he Mr. A. has not scrupled to countenance the wholesale robbery of the Red Man's lands. Thus, either way—it is the custom with some very devout people—Mr. Adams makes profit of his Bible! And thus a war for Oregon would be no other than a Holy War—a war declared upon the strength of sacred texts. Christians would blaze away at one another on the authority of the Scriptures; with, perhaps, to tickle Mr. Adams, “Peace on earth, and good-will to men” painted on American cannon.

And Mr. Adams, friend Elihu, will go to his Bible to settle this matter of disputed land. Now the first dispute of the sort mentioned in “The Book” was arranged, certainly not after the fashion of Mr. Adams: for here's the original “Oregon question” disposed of in Genesis in a manner quite forgotten by the Adams of America:—

“And there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle, and the Canaanite and Perezite dwelled then in the land.

“And Abram said unto Lot, *Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee*, and between my herdsmen, and thy herdsmen, *for we be brethren*:

“Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself I pray thee from me: if thou wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left.”

And so, Elihu, Gunpowder Adams is answered out of his own Genesis!

But we shall have no fighting for Oregon. Mr. Adams's speech is like one of the wooden cannon mounted for cheapness by the Dutch; it looks warlike and dangerous, but sound it, and there's no true ring of metal in it—it's only wood thickly painted. Besides, your *Olive Leaves*—copied as they are in the American papers, which as you say “enables you to bring the principles of peace before a million of minds every week,”—your *Olive Leaves* must go to cool the glory fever, smacking its lips for blood.

You've been some time known among us Britishers, Elihu, as the “learned blacksmith;” but your *Olive Leaves* are getting for you a still better name. It's a fine thing, no doubt, to get at the heart of a dozen languages and more—as they say you have done—and so be able to make, I may say, a speaking acquaintance with the Greeks and the Romans, and so on; but it's nobler work to have made yourself “the head of the

periodical peace 'publications' of America, and so to preach quiet and goodness to tens of thousands of men, that otherwise, like bull-dogs, might be patted on to tear one another to pieces.

It's a fine thing to think of you, Elihu Burritt, Blacksmith. To see you, working all day—making your anvil ring again with glorious labor (how I should like just a set of shoes for my mare of your own making), to see you forging anything but swords and bayonets,—and when *that* work is over, to think of you sitting down, with your iron pen in your hand, working away, to weld men's hearts together—to make the chain of peace, as your own Red Men say, between America and England,—and to keep it bright for ever. When I think of this work of yours I'm pretty sure that your true-hearted countryman Longfellow must have had you in his brain, when he painted the picture of *his* blacksmith.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,—
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close:
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, Thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

I especially like your fancy that English Plymouth should write to American Plymouth—Rochester to Rochester—Norwich to Norwich, and so on. As you prettily say, "it would be more like mothers writing to their daughters." You are right too, that "every letter thus interchanged, like a weaver's shuttle, will carry across the ocean a silken ligature to bind two kindred hearts, and through them, two kindred nations." Depend upon it, the thinking masses—for odd as it might seem to some Solomons now in their grave, and I may add, odd as it does seem to some Solomons fast going there,—the masses do begin to think—they are all against the cruelty, the wicked tom-foolery of war. I've just been reading one of their addresses; I think the last. Fine, rousing words are in it, I can tell you; words that strike upon the heart better than fife and beaten sheep's-skin. Just to show you that we, too, have our pacific blacksmiths—our iron-workers who, like Elihu Burritt, think it far better to make hoes and spades than pikes and bayonets, I copy out this little paragraph, addressed as it is to Americans:

"Working men of America, you are, or should be, the pioneers of freedom; such was the mission bequeathed to you by Washington and his great brother patriots. That mission you will best fulfil by perfecting your institutions—*by abolishing the slavery of white and black*—[Ding this into the ears of your countrymen, Master Burritt] wages and the whip—by driving from your legislatures the landlords, usurers, lawyers, soldiers, and other idlers and swindlers; by making the veritable people, the wealth-producers, really 'sovereign,' and thus establishing a real, instead of a nominal, Republic. War will not aid, but will prevent you accomplishing these reforms."

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And to crown all, you'll have to sow wheat for us, instead of making gunpowder. Already you have sent maize into the stomachs of the Irish,—and this is better, isn't it, more profitable too, than riddling them with bullets?

And this morning I read in one of the papers a long account of the pleasant dishes made out of Indian corn, and how they were mightily relished in Scotland; a professor—whose name I forget—having written and lectured on the best way of dressing the grain. More pleasant reading this, of stomachs comforted and bellies filled by American grain—than throats cut and bodies slashed by American steel. Such a gazette of the kitchen is better than twenty gazettes of the War-office. If we must have war, let it be the new war of prices—the buying cheap and selling dear; and so no more at present from your friend and admirer,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

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EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM OXFORD, ENGLAND.

MR. ELIHU BURRITT:

DEAR SIR:—* * * * I am sorry to say that the cause of peace has made but little progress in this city; perhaps as little as at any place in England; many influences are here opposed to it, but I rejoice that it is making more rapid progress in other places. Since God has made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth, it is high time peace principles did prevail, and that men of divers nations began to look upon each other as brethren, instead of killing each other and making the Apocalyptic Harlot drunken with the blood of their slain. "By her sorceries are all nations deceived; in her was found, the Scripture saith, the blood of prophets and of saints and of *all* that were slain upon the earth." (Rev. 18 ch. 23, 24.) I have often been struck with the expressions contained in these verses, and other portions of this and the preceding chapter, and find a difficulty in limiting them (as most commentators do,) to any particular system of civil and ecclesiastical polity. They must, I think, be applicable to something by which *all* ever have been, and still continue to be deceived, (although they may have cast off, or never have been subject to the thralldom of Rome:) and which may be briefly comprehended in the word *lust*, the corruption or perversion of, and antipodes to, *love*; for all *war*, *persecution*, *slavery*, and *despotism*, both secular and spiritual, of which these chapters treat, may be traced to this source. It has, I conceive, been fed or supported by the war spirit, and all these things follow in the train. And have not men uttered blasphemies when they have professed to go to war in the name and cause of